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THE REV. MR. AND MRS. JOSIAH TYLER.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE ZULUS.

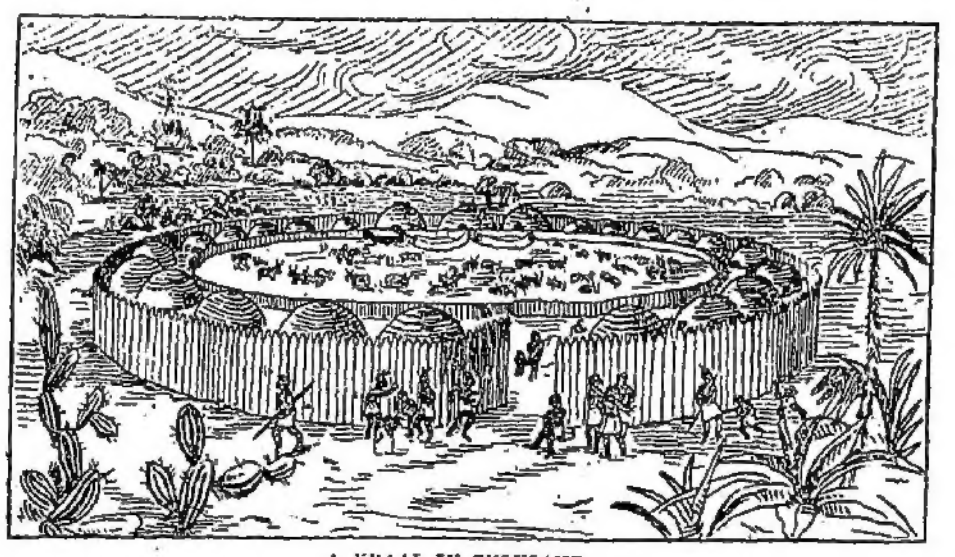
FROM THE 'CHRISTIAN HERALD.'

One Sunday morning in a church in Central Massachusetts a congregation was assembled for worship. It was in one of those disagreeable intervals in church life when the pulpit was vacant. The church was a prosperous and thriving one and the prayer was going up at the church meetings that God would send a man after his own heart to minister to them. No regular candidate for the pulpit was before the church and on this Sunday morning the congregation knew that the services would be conducted by a student from the Theological Institute at East Windsor Hill, Conn. There was the usual apathy which a congregation feels when the preacher is 'only a student;' but on this occasion the indifference vanished before the student had spoken many words. It gave place to keen interest; for the student was a scholarly man, tremendously in earnest and gifted with rare eloquence. The sermon moved the people as they had not been moved for a long time past and they hung breathlessly on the glowing words. In the interval between services the news of the eloquent young man spread through the town and the second service was crowded. There was no hesitation in that church. A meeting of the members was called and a resolution was voted unanimously to send an invitation to the preacher, Mr. Josiah Tyler, to become the pastor of the church. The invitation was a surprise to the young preacher and the result was a surprise to the church. Mr. Tyler was naturally gratified by the unexpected offer, but declared himself unable to accept it for the strange reason that he had decided to go to Africa to preach to the Zulus.

His choice was already made and the opportunity of ease and personal advancement did not attract him. The people, who would have had him devote his life to preaching to them, had heard the Gospel; those men in far distant Africa had never heard the life-giving story of the Cross and he longed to tell it to them. Love for them and a profound conviction of the blessings it was capable of bringing to them filled his heart and excluded every other consideration. Something of the glory and grandeur of the way of life he had chosen came to the heart of the self-denying missionary in the summer of that same year. He was at the house of good old Dr. Philip in Capetown. The veteran missionary gave his young American brother cordial welcome. It cheered his heart to see a young and vigorous man come to take up the work that his aged frame could no longer perform. 'This is your room, Tyler,' said Dr. Philip opening the door of a modest guest-chamber; 'it may interest you to know that at various times it has been occupied by Vanderkemp, by Robert Moffat and by David Livingstone.' The names of the famous heroes fell on his ears like martial music. He was one of their order, engaged in the same enterprise, and serving the same Master. Even to come into such association with them as the four walls of the room involved, was like the conferring of a patent of nobility and gave him new inspiration. After a brief stay with the saintly Dr. Philip, he was again on board ship on the way to Durban, the seaport of Natal on the south-eastern coast of Africa. Here he was welcomed by Rev. Daniel Lindley, to whose appeal for help Mr. Tyler was the personal response. The next stage of the journey was to Amzimtote, where Dr. Adams was laboring. It was performed in the cumbrous bullock-waggon which was the ordinary mode of travel. In the great lumbering vehicle dragged over hill and dale by twelve oxen, with drivers who could speak nothing but Zulu, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler began to realize something of the life they were to lead for the next forty years. They found Dr. Adams rejoicing in a period of religious interest, after a long time of arduous labor. Eleven years had he spent in patient, earnest toil before one soul was won from heathenism, but now the time of discouragement was past and many were coming to inquire after the white man's God. The young missionaries rejoiced with them and diligently studied their methods. Here, too, they began the study of the Zulu language, which was to grow so familiar to them, that at this day, Mr. Tyler often finds himself unconsciously making Zulu ejaculations and even thinking in Zulu. There was then no grammar or dictionary and all the instruction they had in the difficult tongue was therefore oral. The real knowledge of it they were to pick up on their field of labor. A singularly beautiful language, not unlike Italian in its abundant use of the vowels, Mr. Tyler considers it, after using it continuously for forty years. It is, he says, very regular and flexible, but poverty-stricken in words that convey moral ideas. Its chief peculiarity is its 'clicks,' which he thinks the Zulus acquired from intercourse with the Hottentots. The similarity in the sound of some words of very distinct meanings has often led to ludicrous blunders. Mr. Tyler tells the story of a missionary who was so eager to preach that he could not wait for a perfect knowledge of the language and began his sermon by asking, as he supposed, for the attention of his hearers. The proper Zulu word to use for the purpose was *Lalelani*, but the preacher said *Lalani nonke*, which means 'Now all go to sleep.' A more serious blunder, if the direction had been obeyed, was made by a missionary's wife. She bade a young man who was helping at the mission house kill two ducks and she should have used the word *amadada*, but instead, she used the word *amadoda*. Her helper looked at her in amazement, for unconsciously she had bidden him go and kill, not two ducks, but two men. It is evident, therefore, that Zulu is not a tongue to be used carelessly.

Leaving Mrs. Tyler behind for a few weeks, Mr. Tyler again entered the bullock-waggon and proceeded a three days' journey northward to Esidumbini, a beautiful valley fifty miles north of Durban. At the close of the third day, the end of the high table land was reached and from its edge a dense thicket like a jungle sloped to a river glistening far away in the distance. There elephants, lions, leopards, buffaloes and hyenas held undisputed sway. On the other side was a wide and fertile valley, dotted as far as eye could reach with the kraals of the Zulus. Pointing to it, Mr. Lindley, who accompanied the new missionary, said 'Brother Tyler, that valley is to be your home: let us take possession of it in the name of King Immanuel.' The two men knelt on the ground beside the waggon and prayed. Mr. Lindley besought for his young brother the two blessings of untiring patience and unwavering faith. Many years afterward, Mr. Tyler recalling that prayer, perceived how clearly his comrade understood the qualities which would be most needed in the work.

A site for the new mission house was chosen on the rising ground, the plan marked out and then Mr. Lindley having introduced the newcomer to the chief men of the valley, returned to his distant home in Durban, leaving Mr. Tyler to his own resources. His first business was to secure a shelter until his own home was built. He therefore applied at the nearest kraal and was permitted by its owner to occupy one of its huts. A Zulu kraal is a circle of huts arranged around a palisade, or thorn fence, inside which, cattle, cereals and stores are kept. A king's kraal sometimes has as many as two hundred huts for the accommodation of his soldiers. The private kraals generally consist of only as many huts as the owner has wives and children. The way the huts are made is to fix long tapering poles in the ground in a circle and bend the ends over toward the centre and tie them together with wild vines. Two or three poles are then laid underneath horizontally to support the roof, which is composed of long grass secured by long lithe twigs after the manner of a thatch. The hut then resembles a gigantic bee-hive. The doorway is only two feet high and about three feet wide, so it is necessary to enter on the hands and knees. The floor is made of a glutinous earth, pounded hard and rubbed smooth



A KRAAL IN ZULULAND.

with stones. It is the pride of a Zulu matron to have the floor of her hut so polished that it would serve as a mirror. In the centre is a saucer-like indentation, surrounded with a ring about six inches high. This is the fireplace and around it the inmates of the hut sit in the evening talking, smoking or singing until bedtime, when they unroll their mats and sleep with their feet to the fire.

Mr. Tyler lived six weeks in one of these kraals, during which he learned much of the language, the habits and the character of the people. Some of his lessons came in the form of dignified reproof. The owner of the kraal administered one of these in characteristic fashion. Mr. Tyler, not liking to creep into his hut on all-fours, offered to put in a door of the height common in civilized countries; but the owner said, 'My father entered on his hands and knees and I shall continue to do so and while you are among the Zulus you must do as the Zulus do.' Mr. Tyler having to go some distance for material for his house, said to the head-man of the kraal, referring to tools that he was leaving exposed, 'Please see that none of them are stolen while I am away.' The Zulu looked at him in astonishment. 'Where did you come from,' he asked, 'that you make such a request? We have law here. If a man steals in Zululand he eats no more corn.' Mr. Tyler did not think it necessary to tell him that there was law in Massachusetts, too; but he found during his long residence in Zululand that there was a difference in its enforcement not altogether in favor of civilization. He lost nothing by theft during his stay, except cattle and live stock and those were taken by lions or leopards, not by the Zulus. There was much that was hard to hear during those six weeks in the kraal; disgusting habits, filthy customs, drinking, but Mr. Tyler was there to win their hearts and he bore all cheerfully and lost no opportunity of doing acts of kindness to the other inmates of the kraal.

Six weeks sufficed to render his house habitable, and then he sent for his wife and began in earnest the work which he had come to do. He was profoundly convinced, and his forty years' experience has confirmed his belief, that the only sure way to success, is to begin, not with maxims of civilization, but with the Gospel. To tell the story of Jesus and his power to give salvation is the best way to the heathen heart and accomplishes more in the end than teaching the industrial arts. Mr. Tyler has been a close observer, and he declares that every effort to civilize the African before he is Christianized has failed. It was hard work, however, for many years. In surveying, the ground and the material with which he must work he found that it was occupied with superstition and no belief that could by any stretch of imagination be called theological. Witchcraft and charms and an idea that the spirits of the dead inhabited snakes and animals comprised their system of theology. Yet there was one aid to the missionary's work which was turned to account. The Zulu knew right from wrong. One of them being asked how he knew the difference, replied, 'something within speaks when we do wrong.' It was no small encouragement to know that the Zulu understood and recognized the voice of conscience.

The politeness, courtesy, and quick recognition of disinterested kindness, which characterize the Zulu, soon brought Mr. and Mrs. Tyler into friendly relations with the inmates of all the kraals in the valley. They would come to the services and listen to the preaching and would show intelligent interest in what was said, but it was long before any one would accept the new religion. The native shrewdness and penetration were often evinced in searching questions, which would have embarrassed the missionary if his system of theology had not been compactly welded in the schools of the New England of fifty years ago. The same shrewdness was manifested in their ordinary concerns combined with a curious suspicion of motive. Many amusing illustrations of this character are related by Mr. Tyler. On one occasion, he says, Dingaan, the king, consulted the missionary as to his health. The king was suffering from a severe cold and the missionary prescribed a mustard plaster for the chest. The king looked at it suspiciously and ordered it to be applied to the chest of one of his warriors, that he might witness the effect before submitting his own person to the operation. Mr. Tyler found a slight knowledge of medicine very helpful in gaining the confidence of the people, but the chief aid was the school in which Mrs. Tyler labored unweariedly. 'It is only a question of time,' said one Zulu, 'our children are yours; they will all be Christians.'

The chief difficulties in the way of winning the adults were their drinking habits, their custom of smoking hemp, and, greatest of all, polygamy. The last mentioned proved the barrier that held back the largest number and it is so still. A man is respected in Zululand in proportion to the number of wives he has. For ten cows he can purchase a wife, and being his, she works for him like a slave. She cultivates the soil and does all the work about the kraal, supporting her lord in comparative idleness. Mr. Tyler rigidly refused, after converts began to come, to admit any polygamist to the church. All wives but one must be put away. It was seldom that the wife regarded it as a hardship. She would have less labor to perform when she lived alone and would not be subject to ill-usage. Sometimes she was glad to return to her father's kraal and live there. But there were cases when they clung to their husbands; and he and they remained out of the church, though attending the services and otherwise leading Christian lives. Many have pleaded that in such cases the husband and his wives should be admitted, but Mr. Tyler contended that the unmarried men, or men with one wife, who had been admitted would surely relapse into polygamy if polygamists were admitted.

It 1871, after twenty-two years continuous labor at Esidumbini, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler paid a brief visit to their native land. Six children had been born to them and four of these they wished to leave here to be educated. A native pastor was placed in charge of the little church of thirty members that they had gathered, and with many affectionate farewells the faithful missionary and his family sailed homeward. It seemed less home to them than did the valley in Zululand where so long a period had been spent. After a short season, spent in visiting old friends, attending missionary meetings and arranging for their children's welfare, they returned to Africa. Their Esidumbini charge had prospered so well under the native preacher, that, at the request of the Board of Missions, Mr. Tyler consented to leave it in his care to open up new ground at another place. His people demurred, but yielded on condition that he make periodical visits to them. The new station was at Umsunduzi, fifteen miles away, and there the missionaries began again their teaching and preaching. After some sixteen years there, Mr. Tyler suffered the great affliction of his life in the death of his beloved wife and helper. Shut out from civilized society, as they had been for so many years, they had drawn very close to each other, and the death of one was all the more severely felt by the survivor. He struggled on alone, save for the tender and devoted attention of his daughter, for another two years, and then turned his face homeward, having given forty years of his life to the cause of Christ among the Zulus.

A life so full of labor and incident cannot be even summarized in the space at our disposal. It has been possible only to indicate the lines on which it was passed. For a full account of the labors, trials, dangers and successes of which it was so full, we must refer the reader to Mr. Tyler's charming work, "Forty Years among the Zulus." Its fascinating descriptions of Zulu life and customs, of the wedding ceremonies, funeral rites, strange superstitions, quaint observances and interesting folk-lore stories charm the reader and give him a vivid idea, not only of the land and people, but of missionary life. Its price is $1.25 and it may be obtained of the publishers or of the author, Rev. Josiah Tyler, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

DR. CUYLER TO TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

It may be that some Sunday-school teacher just home from his or her vacation, is puzzling him or herself as to the best way to infuse a new interest into the class, and make this next season an advance over the last one. Well, my friend, go first to your knees and invoke a baptism of the Holy Spirit on your own soul. Then go and see each member of your class, and have a good loving talk with every boy or girl. Try to induce them to study God's wonderful book for themselves, and not sit still and let you cram them as a parent bird drops worms into the mouths of the young nestlings. Draw out what is in your scholars and don't be pumping in so constantly. Make their salvation the first thing and bend all your efforts to draw them to Christ. There is too much machinery in many of our Sunday-schools—too much effort also to amuse and entertain, and too little of honest work put on the children. A Sabbath-school cannot be kept alive on sugar-plums.

Some parents also had better make up their minds this year, that they have a God-given responsibility for the spiritual welfare of their own children. Parentage is older than Sunday-schools. A mother is God's infant school-teacher for her child. If you parents do nothing to instruct and train, and convert your own sons and daughters, they will go to the bad in spite of the best one hour's work that any teacher can bestow on them. The atmosphere of your home will either be a purifier or a poison to their young souls. When you attend church this year, see to it that your children are there with you. The best Sabbath-school is no substitute for the worship of God in His own House, and if your children do not form the habit of attending church when they are young, they never will.—*N. Y. Witness.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 3, 1893.

GRATEFUL OBEDIENCE.—James 1:16-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'We love him, because he first loved us.—1 John 4:19.

HOME READINGS.

M. James 1:1-15.—Wisdom Sought and Given.
T. James 1:16-27.—Grateful Obedience.
W. Matt. 7:21-29.—The Wise and Unwise Hearer.
Th. Matt. 13:1-9; 18:23.—A Lesson on Hearing.
F. Psalm 19:1-14.—Making Wise the Simple.
S. Rom. 10:13-21.—Faith by Hearing.
S. Psalm 15:1-5.—Practical Piety.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Receiving the Word. vs. 16-21.
II. Hearing the Word. vs. 22-24.
III. Doing the Word. vs. 25-27.

TIME.—Uncertain; according to some as early as A.D. 47; others place it as late as A.D. 62.

PLACE.—Written from Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The author of the epistle from which this lesson is taken was probably the James who presided at the conference at Jerusalem (Acts 15:13), who is called by Paul (Gal. 1:19) 'the Lord's brother,' and (Gal. 2:9) a pillar of the church. It was addressed to Christians scattered throughout the Roman empire.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

16. *Do not err*—Revised Version, 'be not deceived.' God is not the author of sin, nor does evil come from him. 17. *Every good gift*—instead of being the source of evil, all good is from him. *The Father of lights*—the source and fountain of light. Light is the emblem of knowledge, purity and happiness. 18. *Of his own will*—because it is his nature to do good, not evil. *Begat he us*—gave us spiritual life. *Word of truth*—the gospel. Rom. 10:17. 19. *Wherefore*—since his word is life and light. *Swift to hear*—ready to receive and prompt to obey. *Slow to speak*—more anxious to be taught. *Slow to wrath*—compare Prov. 16:32. A contentious, carping spirit hinders the hearing of God's word. 20. *Worketh not*—produces not. 21. *Lay apart*—put off as a filthy garment. *Filthiness*—sin is offensive and polluting. *Superfluity of naughtiness*—Revised Version, 'overflowing of wickedness.' *Meekness*—a childlike, teachable spirit. 1 Peter 2:2. *Engrafted word*—'implanted word.' See the parable of the sower. Matt. 13:1-23. *Able to save*—Rom. 1:16; 1 Cor. 1:18; 2 Tim. 3:15. 23. *In a glass*—a mirror. God's word shows him for the moment his real character, but he soon forgets it. 25. *Looketh into*—'stoopeth down to take a close look into.' *Law of liberty*—giving freedom from the slavery of sin. 26. *Seem to be*—'thinketh himself to be.' 27. *Before God*—in his sight. *Visit*—with help and comfort. *Keep himself*—John 17:15; Jude 24.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the author of this epistle? What do you know about James? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses.

I. RECEIVING THE WORD. vs. 16-21.—With what caution does the lesson begin? From whom does every good come? Of what is light a symbol? How is God the *Father of lights*? From whom is spiritual life received? By what means? How are we to receive the word?

II. HEARING THE WORD. vs. 22-24.—What is the duty of the hearer? Whom is the 'not-doer' like? How is the perfect law a law of liberty? Who use it aright? How is the right use blessed? What did our Saviour say of the doers of his word? Matt. 7:24, 25. Of the not-doers? Matt. 7:26, 27.

III. DOING THE WORD. vs. 25, 27.—How will the right receiving and hearing of the word affect our lives? Meaning of *bridleth not his tongue*? How does such a man deceive his own heart? Why is his religion vain? What is pure and undefiled religion?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God's word is the source of spiritual life.
2. It is our duty to hear, to read and to study God's word.
3. We must receive it with a meek and teachable disposition.
4. We must be doers of the word, and not hearers only.
5. We must bridle our tongues and set a guard over our words.
6. We must be kind and helpful to those in trouble, and pure in all our words and ways.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. From whom does every good *gift* come? Ans. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.
2. How should we receive the word? Ans. Receive with meekness the engrafted word.
3. How should we use it? Ans. Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.
4. What is promised to the doer? Ans. He shall be blessed in his doing?
5. What effect should the word have on our lives? Ans. It should make us watchful over our words, helpful to the poor and pure in all our conduct.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 10, 1893.

THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

1 Peter 1:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.'

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Peter 1:1-12.—The Heavenly Inheritance.
T. 1 Peter 1:13-25.—The Precious Blood of Christ.
W. 1 Peter 2:1-25.—A Peculiar People.
Th. 1 Peter 3:1-22.—Having a Good Conscience.
F. 1 Peter 4:1-19.—Stewards of the Grace of God.
S. 1 Peter 5:1-14.—A Crown of Glory.
S. Rev. 21:1-27.—The Holy Jerusalem.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Reserved Inheritance.
II. The Preserved People. vs. 5-9.
III. The Witnessing Prophets. vs. 10-12.

TIME.—Written probably between A.D. 63 and A.D. 67; Nero emperor of Rome; Albinus or Gessius Florus procurator of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis.

PLACE.—Written from Babylon (chapter 5:13).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *To the strangers scattered*—Revised Version, 'to the elect who are sojourners of the Dispersion;' primarily Jewish converts: but Gentile Christians, as the spiritual Israel, are included secondarily, as having the same high calling. 2. *Elect*—chosen to eternal life by the sovereign grace of God. *According to the foreknowledge*—Rom. 8:29. To know in Scripture often means to love, approve, select; hence *foreknowledge* here means fore-approval or selection. 4. *Incorruptible*—not having within the germs of death. *Undefiled*—not stained by sin. *That fadeth not away*—in substance incorruptible, in purity undefiled, in beauty unfading. *Reserved for you*—secure and inalienable. 5. *In the last time*—at the end of the world. 7. *The trial of your faith*—Revised Version, 'the proof of your faith.' *Than of gold*—'than gold.' *That perisheth*—if gold, though perishing (v. 18), is yet tried with fire to remove dross and test its genuineness, how much more does your faith, which shall never perish, need to pass through a fiery trial to remove what is defective and to test its genuineness and full value! 8. *Now*—in the present state, as contrasted with the future state, where believers 'shall see his face.' 10. *The grace ..... unto you*—Christ and the blessing he would bestow upon his people. 12. *That not unto themselves*—their revelations related to our times, and were given mainly for our benefit.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was the author of this epistle? What do you know about Peter? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE RESERVED INHERITANCE. vs. 1-4.—To whom is this epistle addressed? How does the apostle describe these *strangers*? What is meant by the term *elect*? For what did the apostle bless God? What do you learn from verse 3? How is the inheritance described? Meaning of *reserved in heaven for you*? What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death? At the resurrection?

II. THE PRESERVED PEOPLE. vs. 5-9.—How are God's people kept? When will their full salvation be revealed? What joy have they in their manifold temptations? What is here meant by *temptations*? Why does God permit his people to be afflicted? What will be the result of this proof of their faith? What is the present effect of their faith in the unseen Saviour? Meaning of *the end of your faith*?

III. THE WITNESSING PROPHETS. vs. 10-12.—For what have the prophets sought? Of what did the Spirit of Christ testify? What was revealed to the prophets? How do these things affect the angels?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God's elect people are strangers and pilgrims on the earth.
2. Their home and their inheritance are in heaven; their heart should be there also.
3. The heavenly inheritance is reserved for them, and they are kept for it.
4. Their trials are precious, and issue in praise and honor and glory.
5. They may therefore greatly rejoice even in affliction and trial.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. To whom was this epistle addressed? Ans. To the elect sojourners of the Dispersion in Asia Minor.
2. What benediction did the apostle pronounce upon them? Ans. Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied.
3. How did he describe the Heavenly Inheritance? Ans. An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.
4. How are those for whom this inheritance is reserved kept? Ans. They are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.
5. What support have they in trial and suffering? Ans. Faith in the unseen Saviour whom they love fills them with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MAKE HOUSEWORK EASY AND SAVE TIME.

Why should we be so hurried? Is it because we are housekeepers instead of home-makers? There is a vast difference between the two. The latter is undoubtedly 'a comfortable sort of woman to live with,' and retains the love of husband and children through all the vicissitudes of life; while the former too often makes all beneath the roof-tree uncomfortable through being so wedded to her work. Said a hard-working mechanic as he came home the other night tired, yet wishing to spend a few minutes with his family before retiring, 'I wish there was one place in the house that was not too good for me,' and he looked impatiently at a roomy, comfortable lounge in one corner of the cosy sitting room. 'I bought that for comfort, but you wished to save the covering and decked it out with so fine a spread that you will not allow it to be used, and now that you have made, at my request, a washable one, you are still afraid to have me lie on it lest I wrinkle it or slide it out of place,' and he stamped angrily off to bed.

This is no plea for untidiness or slipshod housekeeping, but let us place the home first. If women kept house with reference solely to its importance as a factor in home-making, housework would be much easier than it is now. There would be time then for broadening one's mental horizon by the occasional reading of a new book or listening to a fine lecture; time for teaching the little ones a year or two at home that they may not so soon lose the bloom of childhood's innocence, and time to oftener respond to the call for help in works for uplifting and benefiting humanity.

Is this not worth thinking about? We have all the time there is. For the sake of loved ones let us use it wisely.

We do much unnecessary work. There is little need of wiping dishes. Wipe the silver, but drain the glass and earthenware after rolling it in hot water. Black the range once a week and for the rest of the time use a cloth dampened with kerosene or a bit of sandpaper on it as needed. Wipe the kitchen floor each morning with a mop wrung from clean water. It is nearly as easy as sweeping and you will find less dusting to be done. Do not boil clothes unless it is an actual necessity. Take from the line when dry, fold smoothly and lay in a drawer by themselves all those in ordinary use. Sheets, pillow cases, towels, work aprons and the like do very well without ironing. Those which are to be laid away for any length of time should hang on the line until after the dew has fallen—to save sprinkling—when they may be folded and rolled for ironing in the morning. Make everyday clothes plainly, buying ready-made underwear when you can get that which is satisfactory.

In cooking avoid all recipes which call for an hour of precious time in making. Live simply; by so doing mind and body will have time for needed rest. If you are at all popular in your own locality, people may be too neighbourly, calling at all hours, making the housework lag and frittering away time. Try having one day in the week your reception day, letting it be known that you prefer not to see callers on other days. With a little tact, and by getting your special friends, those who understand you and your motives to observe this day, this may be accomplished even in a country neighborhood. Have system in doing your work, but let it be a system adapted to your circumstances, not to those of your neighbor. She may wash on Monday, while you find Saturday a more convenient day because the children are at home to help.

Let each child, who is old enough to do so, have its daily task. It might be a light one, but it is just so much less for you, who, after all, have only one pair of hands to do with.

These are only a few ways in which you may lighten housework; others will occur to you as you think. Your home should be 'your castle;' let no one outside meddle with you in your way of doing work. Be independent, save all the time you can, then read or study, play with the children or sing the old songs with John as best pleases you. In short, make the most of yourself and of home for the sake of the loved ones who dwell there.—*Mary Olds Lakin, in the Voice.*

'GOOD MORNING! HAVE YOU USED'—KEROSENE?

Anything that will lighten that most severe of woman's work—washing clothes—should be widely known and used. According to a writer in the *Household*, kerosene will not only enlighten the parlor, but will lighten the work of the laundry.

At a friend's house, I noticed that the washing was out and drying at a remarkably early hour, and, upon inquiry, learned that it was not because of early rising, but because she used kerosene.

'I will tell you what we do to lighten and hasten our work,' she said. 'If you prefer you can put your clothes into cold water the night before, or simply dip them into water in the morning, but they must be wet in cold water before they are put into the boiler.

'Fill the boiler about two-thirds full of water, and shave into it one small bar of any good soap, adding, after the water is boiling, four tablespoons of kerosene. Mix thoroughly; that is the secret in the use of kerosene.

'The clothes, which have been soaking in cold water, are then wrung out and put into the boiler to boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, having removed previously about two-thirds of a pailful of water; this is to add to each boilerful later.

'Begin with the cleanest clothes, and, when well scalded, rinse and blue them. You will find that but a few things require even a slight rubbing, but that the mixture has done its work.'

When I told my housemaid about the kerosene, she said it made the clothes look dingy.

'How did you use it?' I asked.

'I put up my soap, put in my clothes, and then poured the oil in.'

The next Monday, I asked her to try our neighbor's method, and she was so well pleased with the result that she will not go back to the old way.

The whole secret lies in perfectly mixing the soap, oil, and water, and in wetting the soiled clothes in cold water before putting them into the hot water.

To prevent flannels from shrinking, dissolve the soap, making a good, strong suds, and let it stand until perfectly cold. Into this put the flannels, washing, sudsing, and rinsing in cold water. If you will follow these directions, you will not be troubled with thick or shrunken flannels.

A FEW CONVENIENCES.

We seldom get the home nests arranged so entirely to our minds that somebody's suggestion does not give us a new idea, and we straightway set about working more or less of a revolution in some nook or corner, wondering the while that we had not thought to make the change unaided long ago.

Above are building new, no matter how many good authorities we may have consulted, no matter how many hours have been spent in careful planning, when all is finished we are sure to discover something which we should have 'just a little different if we were building again.' Some room that we should have had a trifle larger, some corner where we might have had a closet, some space that would have been much improved by another window.

We recently examined a new home just completed, and several conveniences, especially those in the model kitchen, are well worth mentioning. There was everything to make it as cosy and convenient as possible. Not a thing was wanting to make it complete.

NEW IDEAS FOR THE SINK.—There was the regulation closet under the sink; but it was built some four inches shallower than the width of the sink, to allow one to stand in a more comfortable position when at work.

There were several further advantages in the construction of the sink. For one thing, it was made to stand several inches higher than is usual, allowing a position more nearly upright when at work, and consequently enhancing both comfort and convenience. It was noticed that although these seemed to be quite a row of closets underneath, the sink itself was only about twenty-four inches long by twenty inches wide. At first, though, it seemed much too small, but then it was quite large enough to hold a good-sized dishpan, and that was really all that was necessary; for immediately to the left of it, occupying a portion of the remaining space over the closets, was what seemed like another sink.

It was just what it seemed, except that it was zinc-lined and was provided with a chain and plug like a bath tub. It was oblong in shape, twelve by twenty inches on the inside, and into this the dishes were put as soon as they were washed. They were rinsed by turning the spigot of the hot water faucet just above.

Immediately after rinsing, the plug which was in one corner, where the bottom of the dish receptacle was somewhat lower than at other points was removed and the dishes were dried with less than half the labor expended on them when they are rinsed in a pan where the water has no chance to run off. Beyond this was a stout shelf on which to place the dishes when dry, and which could be let down out of the way when not in use.

THE LAMP CUPBOARD.—There was one cupboard expressly planned to hold the lamps, and under it was a drawer for wicks, extra burners, chimneys and the shears and cloths for cleaning. The shelf usually intended for the lamps might then be used for something else and shut up; as they were away from flies in summer and dust at all times, it was really a labor-saving contrivance as well as a convenience.

A VENTILATED PANTRY CUPBOARD.—One cupboard in the pantry was provided with a wire-screen door. This allowed the free circulation of air, and at the same kept the food secure from the flies. This is found especially convenient in the fall, when it is no longer necessary to use the refrigerator, but at a time when flies are most troublesome.—*Ladies' Journal.*

BEDROOMS IN COLD WEATHER.

In the hot season we keep our houses well ventilated to make them cooler, and now as the cold season approaches there is danger that we will shut up doors and windows to save the loss of heat and keep ourselves warm. While we must keep warm to be comfortable we must not forget that, above all, it is filthy to live in a foul atmosphere. We do not bathe again and again in the same water, or enjoy eating or drinking from unwashed dishes. Why be fastidious about such matters during the day, and careless at night about our bedrooms? The seeds of disease are floating in impure air, and find ready access to our bodies. When in sleep the organs are less able to resist the noxious influences. When in earlier times the more careless manner of building houses let the air freely into the rooms around the loosely fitting window-frames, and the wide open fireplaces readily drew out the fouled air, the inmates of the dwellings were more uncomfortable, but they were cleaner.

SHADES AND FURNITURE.—Linen shades to exclude or mitigate the light at the windows are all that is allowable in a bedroom. Bedsteads are usually made of wood. Metal is no doubt preferable and not much more costly. A wrought-iron or brass bedstead properly constructed, that is, of light weight, mounted on castors so as to be easily moved and readily cleaned, meets every demand. Especially should we seek one readily moved if we would have it and its surroundings properly cared for by servants. No articles of whatever kind should be kept under the bed. To prevent this, dispense with 'valances' and tuck in the bed-clothes. Curtains about the bed are simply filters, sure to catch and retain the impurities as the air from the lungs passes through them.

THE MATTRESS.—The mattress should be made of elastic material, not giving way too freely to the weight of the body. Horsehair furnishes the best material. A well-made hair mattress, resting on a woven wire spring mattress, leaves nothing to be desired hygienically. Hair pillows are preferable to feather pillows where we desire to prevent heating the head. Linen is the better material for sheets and pillow-cases, especially for the young. Woolen sheets may be more desirable for the old and those very thin blooded, having less power of absorption than cotton. Blankets should be all wool and of the best quality attainable, as in this way we obtain a maximum of warmth and a minimum of weight. For the same reasons cotton counterpanes are not desirable. In very cold weather a downy cover is light and warm and desirable for the old.

AIRING THE BED AND ROOM DURING THE DAY.—Beds should be aired daily and carefully. Remove every covering and double over the mattress so that the air can have free access for one hour at least, otherwise the effluvia thrown off by the body during the night cannot properly be removed. Of course at such times the fresh air should have free access to the rooms. In this connection it may be well to remember that it is always unwise for any one to sleep in the same room with a person suffering from disease, especially from disease of the throat, lungs, or mouth. Physicians who have made especial study of these diseases consider them directly contagious by what is thrown off from the affected surfaces. For sanitary reasons it would also seem better to adopt the European custom of separate beds and separate rooms for each individual. Care should be exercised that the walls of the bedrooms be so fashioned that they can be easily cleaned. Hard-finished walls and ceiling, plain or simply painted in oil, best meet this requirement.

Finally, leave the windows wide open in bedrooms during the day and wide enough open at night to give plenty of pure air, guarded from unnecessary draughts.—*Journal of Hygiene.*

A HOME HOLIDAY.

That each woman, as each man, needs rest in the busy year we are positive but it does not necessarily follow that that rest can only be secured away from home. Some of the most successful holidays, so far as rest and renewed strength are concerned, that we have ever known have been spent largely in a hammock on one's own piazza, with plenty of books, a little light fancy work, and absolute mental relaxation as tonics and sedatives. We have in thought a little white-ribboner who often enjoys a home vacation. She arranges religiously to have all hurry work out of the way before the month set aside for her vacation. The family is duly notified that, during that month, it is to picnic. Food of the simplest is prepared, and eaten so far as possible out of doors; not a bit of unnecessary work is done and sewing is relegated to the dim future. Company is not invited, or if self-invited, is informed that the mistress of the house is on a vacation, which is strictly true. At the end of her month or six weeks our friend comes forth far more refreshed than does the average vacationer who has roasted in some hot, stuffy room, or travelled weary miles on dusty trains.—*Union Signal.*

RECIPES.

(From Miss Parloa's New Cook Book.)

GEMS.—One pint of flour, one of milk, an egg, half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the egg until light, add the milk and salt to it, and beat gradually, into the flour. Bake twenty minutes in hot gem pans. A dozen cakes can be made with the quantities given.

HOMINY DROP CAKES.—One pint of fresh boiled hominy for cold hominy may be used—if the latter, break into grains as lightly as possible with a fork, and heat in a farina kettle without adding water), one tablespoonful of water, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately. Stir the yolks into the hominy first, then the whites, and a teaspoonful of salt. If the hominy has not been salted in cooking; or, if it has, use half a teaspoonful. Drop, in tablespoonfuls, on well-buttered tin sheets, and bake to a good brown in a quick oven.

BLANC-MANGE MADE WITH GELATINE.—One package of gelatine, three pints of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla or of lemon. Put the gelatine with the milk and let it stand in a cold place for two hours; then put it in the double boiler, and heat quickly. Do not let it boil. Stir often; and as soon as the gelatine is melted, take off, and add the sugar, salt, and flavor. Strain, and partially cool, before putting into the molds. It should stand six hours before serving, and it is even better, especially in summer, to make it the day before using.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Two pounds of the scraggy part of a neck of mutton. Cut the meat from the bones, and cut off all the fat. Then cut meat into small pieces and put into soup pot with one large slice of turnip, two of carrot, one onion, and a stalk of celery, all cut fine, half a cup of barley and three pints of cold water. Simmer gently two hours. On to the bones put one pint of water, simmer two hours, and strain upon the soup. Cook a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter together until perfectly smooth; stir into soup, and add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper.

MY REFUGE.

'In the secret of his presence.'—Psalm xxx. 20.

[The following verses were written by a Brahmin lady of India, Ellen Lakshmi, who for many years has worked as a missionary among her own country women.]

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
Oh! how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the secret place I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet,
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If He didn't tell me plainly of each sinful deed and thought?
No; He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more.
For I know that He does love me, though He wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow, this shall then be your reward;
And when e'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy.
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side:
In the secret of his presence' you may every moment hide.

BELINDA'S ADVANTAGES.

'Oh, dear!' said Belinda. 'Here are these horrible stockings, cousin Ada. There is always something.'

I can give you no idea of the combination between whine, snarl, and wail in which Belinda Barton spoke these words as she flung herself into a chair with a sidelong, ungraceful motion which I can only describe by the word 'lump.'

'Well! Would you rather it was always nothing?' said Miss Ada Strong, a bright, elegant, little elderly lady.

'Oh, you know what I mean, cousin Ada,' said Belinda, a well-grown girl of sixteen, who would have been very pretty had it not been for the frown on her forehead and the way her mouth turned down at the corners. 'All my aspirations for an education are disappointed, and I must just live on, on this poky farm; nothing but drudgery—drudgery from morning till night.'

Miss Strong made no reply. She drew the basket of stockings toward her and began to darn a big hole in the heel of little Jack's sock.

'I do so yearn for the advantages of culture,' said Belinda. 'You don't know, cousin Ada, how miserable I am.'

'If I don't, it is not for the want of your proclaiming it,' thought Miss Strong, but she said nothing, and worked on.

'And I thought when you came you would sympathize with me and understand me,' said Belinda, beginning to cry, 'but you haven't a word to say to me. Well! It is my fate to meet with no sympathy,' and Belinda sobbed. Not a word from Miss Strong, but the hole in Jack's stocking went on growing 'beautifully less.'

'You might say something,' said Belinda.

'I thought that was just what you were complaining of, that "there was always something,"' said Miss Strong.

'That isn't what I mean,' said Belinda, incoherently, rubbing her eyes till she looked like 'the maiden all forlorn,' in 'The house that Jack built.'

'What do you mean then?' said Miss Strong, strangely unmoved.

'I wanted you to have some sympathy with me,' said Belinda, 'but you don't say a word.'

Miss Strong went on darning.

'I think you might say something, cousin Ada,' said Belinda, passing from sentiment to snappishness.

'If I don't,' said Miss Strong, after a pause, 'it is because I don't want to say to you what seems to me great nonsense, and I am pretty sure you would be angry if I talked what seems to me sense.'

Belinda was not yearning for sense. It had never occurred to her that she had any need of that article. Nevertheless, the word awoke in her mind a certain curiosity.

'Sense, cousin Ada?' she said, in a hesitating way.

'Just so.'

'I am sure I should not be angry at that from you,' Belinda said, after a moment's pause. 'You are so cultivated—you live among intellectual people, and—and—all that,' she concluded vaguely.

'I suppose you think so because I am assistant librarian in the A—— library. I assure you there is plenty of what you call drudgery in my work.'

'But you must understand how I long for a chance to develop my mind's higher faculties,' said Belinda.

'I confess I never should have guessed from what I have seen of you that you had any such thirst for knowledge,' said Miss Strong, coolly.

'Why, cousin Ada, returned Belinda, astonished, 'haven't I told you over and over again how I longed, literally thirsted and starved to go to a good school, away from home and all this miserable farm work, and can't because father thinks he can't afford it, and that I ought to help mother. So here I have to stay and wear my heart out over this horrid drudgery that I just hate.'

'Oh! You mean you want to go to school, leave home, and shirk your part of the family burden,' said Miss Strong. 'That's quite another thing from a wish to improve yourself. If you really desired improvement, you'd make use of the advantages you have.'

'Advantages! Mine!' replied Belinda, scornfully. 'I'd like to know what they are?'

Miss Strong was silent.

'I do wish, cousin Ada, you would tell me what you mean,' said Belinda, fretfully. 'I thought when father and mother went to town this afternoon I should have a long talk with you and you'd be so sympathetic, and now oh—o-o-o,' and Belinda trailed off into a dismal wail, like a puppy whose paw has been stepped on. 'What can I study here?'

'Natural history, practical chemistry, botany, history, literature, ethics and theology, not to mention the use of your hands, a tolerably wide field in which to develop the mind of a young woman, one would think.'

Belinda stared at her cousin in amazement.

'I do wish you'd tell me what you mean,' she said indignantly.

'I am afraid it would not be of any use,' said Miss Strong, shaking her head. 'I am going away soon, and I don't want to quarrel with you. It would vex your mother, and she has enough to get along with now.'

'Indeed, I won't be angry,' said Belinda, more good-naturedly. 'You can say what you like. Oh! I do please,' she added, for she really wished to know.

'Very well, then,' said Miss Strong, picking another pair of socks out of the basket. 'Begin with a lesson in technology; take your own stockings and darn them, not cobble them as you have these of poor little Jack. Here is a big knot of hard thread in the heel, nearly as big as a pea. No wonder the poor child had a sore place in his little foot. Any young woman of common sense ought to be ashamed to put such a piece of work out of her hands. Don't you know any better than to darn with hard thread? Surely your mother must have showed you how to darn.'

'The cotton was upstairs,' pouted Belinda. 'What does it matter?'

'Walk about for a day with a pea in your shoe and you'll find out,' said Miss Strong. 'The trouble with you is that you think an education is nothing but going to school, passing through some text-books, and graduating. Educating a human being is, properly speaking, drawing out and training the powers of mind and body, and yours are all running to waste and worse.' Belinda was so astonished at this assault that she left off sighing.

'There is nothing that you do about the house that is well done,' continued Miss Strong. 'If you are set to sweep a room, it is not half swept. If you undertake to get a meal, you act as if it were a great hardship. You take no pains, and turn out something almost uneatable. Here is your mother ready and anxious to make you as good a housekeeper as herself, and instead of learning, that you may lighten her cares, you wickedly and perversely set yourself against being taught. You might learn of her to be a first-rate dairy woman, and you might read all you can find on that very important branch of practical chemistry; but no! If you are called on to help, you spoil half you touch, and go about with a look that is enough to sour the milk. You might care for the poultry and earn and save money, and learn concerning the ways and habits of animals, but you take pains to show your father how utterly indifferent you are to all his business and his interests, and you think this undutiful folly is a sign you are "superior." I heard Miss Jones offer to teach you what she knew of botany, and that is no little, let me tell you, and you rejected her offer in such an ungracious way that I was ashamed of you. Your mother's manners are lovely, your father is gracious and kind to every one; but instead of profiting by their example, your manners are rude and ill-bred to a degree that astonishes me, and any reproof or advice you recent with sulks and ill-temper. To your little brother and sister you hardly speak a civil word, and set them an example which adds greatly to the cares and worries of your parents. You wished me to speak plainly, and I must say that your perpetual fretting, whining, and complaining because your father cannot, in justice to the rest of his family, send you away to school seems to me much more like stupidity than a desire for improvement. You say you wish to learn. Here in the house are Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott, and other books of the best, but you do not care to acquaint yourself with the great masters of English. You know almost nothing of the history of England, or your own country. Your pastor offered you any books in his library—a good collection, but if you read, it is only the trashiest story. Every week since I have been here I have offered to go over the Sunday-school lesson with you, but you have never cared to learn anything I could teach you, and you are disgracefully and inexcusably ignorant of the Bible for all the pains that have been taken to teach you.'

Belinda sat silent. Her conscience, which under the gentle and affectionate remonstrances of her father and mother had remained fast asleep, had suddenly waked up at Miss Strong's sterner call, and was speaking with emphasis. The girl did not know what to say, and contrary to her usual practice she said nothing.

'Believe me, child,' said Miss Strong, more gently, 'you have a hundred advantages if you will only improve them. An education which will fit you for the chief, the highest, end of your being is in your reach. If you will set yourself resolutely to work to improve the advantages you have, you may become a noble and educated woman in the best sense of the word.'

'What is the highest end of one's being, then?' said Belinda, after a silence.

'To glorify God, and enjoy Him forever,' said Miss Strong, reverently. Belinda sat looking out of the window for a few minutes; then she put down her work, went upstairs, and was gone for half an hour.

When she came down again there were traces of tears, but a new light was in her eyes. 'Cousin Ada,' she said, 'I have found the soft cotton; will you show me how to darn Jack's stockings? I promise you, that is, I hope he will never have to complain of a hard lump in his heel again.' And now, if any other Belinda reads this story, I hope she will go and do likewise. *Parish Visitor.*

IF CHRISTIANS do not stand up and fight manfully for their Sabbath, Satan and his allies will break it down. The devil is mean enough to do anything.—*Ram's Horn.*

DORA MARVIN.

HOPE DARING.

Dora Marvin is young friend of mine. A bright, merry girl, whom I love so dearly that I wish I could play the part of a fairy god-mother, and change some things that I fear may mar her life.

The Marvin breakfast hour is seven.

'Call Dora,' Mrs. Marvin tells little Tom, as the clock strikes.

'Yes, in a minute, comes the reply, and they wait five. Then, as the father must not be late at his work, they take their places and Mrs. Marvin serves the oatmeal, Dora's work, in addition to pouring the coffee. In a few moments the little daughter appeared, with a bright word of explanation that it had taken her so long to curl her hair.

That afternoon Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Marvin's sister, came in to interest them in a little cripple girl she had found in her work among the poor.

'She is so fond of reading,' she went on to say, 'and, Dora, I wish you would lend her some of your books—your last Christmas 'Chatterbox,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' or Miss Alcott's 'Jack and Jill.' What a delight they will be to little Katie.'

'But, Auntie,' Dora said, 'I am very careful of my books, and could not think of lending them.'

'Why, Dora! I am sure Katie will be careful of them too. Think, little girl, of lying all day alone, for Katie's mamma sews away from home.'

Dora's hand moved slower and slower as she caressed Clever, her pet cat, and she looked thoughtfully into the glowing coal fire.

'I am sorry for Katie,' she said at last, 'and I will give ten cents of my own money towards buying her a book, but I could not lend my dear books. Why, auntie, they have all been given to me.'

Mrs. Lewis said nothing more, but there was something suspiciously like a tear in her eye when Dora kissed her good-night.

A few days later Tom came rushing into the sitting-room where Dora sat reading.

'O, sister! please read me the stories in my new mag'zine,' and he displayed with a proud importance his new Nursery.

Dora's fair brow clouded. 'Do run away, Tom. Sister is reading.'

'But read to me, Dora, please do. Here is a funny picture 'bout a real donkey.'

'I wish you'd run away, you little tease. Our teacher asked us to read 'In Memoriam,' and I wonder how I can read understandingly with you chattering in my ears. And now you are stepping right on my dress. Do go to mamma.'

'Mamma's got the headache. I think you're selfish, Dora, so there,' and he left the room, manfully choking back the sobs, but slamming the door so hard that it caused the tired mother to bury her face in the pillow with a moan.

What did Dora do? She shrugged her shoulders, nestled back in her low chair, and turning a leaf read, without at all comprehending its truth:

'Thold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.'

—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE PRINCE IS DEAD.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

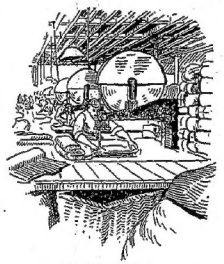
A room in the palace is shut. The king
And the queen are sitting in black.
All day weeping servants will run and bring.
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things; and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears which must not be shed,
But will make all the air float dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy,
And dumbly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrow heed.
The prince is dead.

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And to-day the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak;
They have begged a few rags of black;
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears that must not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They hate the sunbeam which plays on the floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.
The prince is dead.

TAILORING BY STEAM.

BY DAVID PATON, IN 'GOOD WORDS.'

Leeds is contributing an interesting chapter to our industrial history in its manufacture of 'ready-made' clothes. The work is done in factories. Ten or a dozen of these are on a great scale, each with over a thousand operatives. A single factory will turn out in the course of a year close upon a million garments, counting coats, jackets, waistcoats, and trousers separately. A regiment could march into



MACHINE KNIVES.

one of them in the morning and come out before night in uniforms which had been made while they waited. These factories are among the finest buildings in Leeds. You might indeed call them industrial palaces. And, what is more important, they are most wholesome places to work in. You can see by a glance at the faces of the workers that great care is taken of their comfort. The work-rooms are large and airy, with plenty of windows, and on the short winter days the electric light is used for illumination. Cutting out is of course the first process, and in a factory it is a very interesting business. The cutting-out room is usually the topmost floor of the building, and on the way up one passes through rooms in which bales of cloth are piled up in solid blocks from floor to ceiling. The cutting-out room looks at first sight like a great drawing school. The cutters-out do not, as a rule, cut out anything themselves; their business is simply to mark the patterns on the cloth. It is worth noticing how carefully a large piece of cloth is mapped out so as to avoid waste. When the 'cutter' has completed his task, the cloth is seen to be covered with an intricate series of chalk lines. You have there in outline a suit of clothes, and perhaps no more than two or three square inches of the material is outside the cutter's marks. The loss of a few odd corners would be nothing in the case of a single suit, but when you propose to cut hundreds from the same design the initial waste becomes important.

But before we begin to cut up the cloth something should be said as to how the unseen customers are measured for their clothes. In the early days of the trade the customer had only a few sizes to choose from, and if he had a long body and short legs, or measured more round the waist than he ought to have done, it was unlikely he would get ready-mades to fit him. With the growth of the trade the number of sizes has increased, and these are now so closely graded that unless a man is quite abnormal in his proportions he should have no difficulty in finding what he wants. To take an example, an average man has, if one remembers exactly, a 'thirty-two leg' and a 'thirty-one waist.' But as some men are average in the leg and not in the waist a series of trousers is sent into the market in which the waist increases by half-inches almost to what one may call aldermanic girth, while the leg remains at thirty-two. For some markets there are special measures. Trousers for the Cape, for instance, are what is known in the trade as 'slenders' that is to say, long and thin. So far the trade is mainly a home trade, but some work is also done for the Continent and the colonies. The French and German armies are to some extent clothed in Leeds. Boys, of course, are much easier to fit than men.

When the pattern is marked upon it the cloth is taken to the machine knife to be cut. The machine knife is an endless steel ribbon, driven at a great speed by gas or steam. It does the work of a hundred pairs of shears and does it better. A hundred or even two hundred thicknesses of cloth can be cut at the same time. The pattern is marked only on the uppermost piece, and the cutter turns and twists the bale to make the knife travel along the chalked line, or rather to make the chalk line travel to the knife, for it is the cloth that is manipulated, not the knife. In this way a hundred suits are cut out in a few minutes. The trade is indebted to Mr. John Barran, M.P., for this wonderful instrument. He got the idea from a band saw used for cutting veneer. All he had to do was to make the steel ribbon a knife instead of a saw. Mr. Barran was the pioneer of the trade in Leeds, and the drawings to illustrate this article were made in the factory of his firm.

The next step in the process of manufacture is to sort the different pieces in the bale which has been cut. Each set is made into a bundle with the linings, trimmings, and buttons needed to convert it into a complete suit. A ticket is attached to the bundle with instructions as to the manner in which it is to be finished. The bundles pass on, then, to other parts of the factory, and into the hands of the girls.

In a machine-room, you will find two or three hundred girls at work. The music made by innumerable needles driven by steam is the ground tone of the place. A

A MACHINE ROOM.

simple movement of the foot enables the machinist to regulate as she likes the speed of her machine. The machines have the most varied accomplishments. Darwin would have been delighted with them as an illustration of industrial evolution. From the original machine with its plain jog-trot stitch have come all sorts and conditions of machines for all sorts and conditions of work. Some of them seem almost human in their action—the button-hole machine for example. It jerks out, first of all, a sharp forefinger, and with a little tap on the cloth cuts the hole. Then, with a circling motion, it goes round the edges and puts in the stitching, completing the job with the little process known to ladies as 'fastening off.' The whole thing takes only a few seconds. In the hands of an expert girl the machine will make about fifteen hundred button-holes in a day. A garment goes through eight, ten, or a dozen pairs of hands before it is basted, seamed, pared, corded, bound, ironed, and the rest of it. There are machines for all these operations. Even such an awkward job as putting in sleeves is done by mechanical means. Along one side of a room you will find trousers travelling from machine to machine till they reach a great pile at the end of the circuit. At the same time the coats with which they are to be worn may be making a similar journey along the other side of the room. When the different members of the suit meet at last in the making-up room they are again made into a bundle and go thence to the stock-room, or, perhaps, direct to the packing-room, and so into the outer world.

Braiding and binding are, perhaps, the two things that call for the most skill, and it is, consequently, among the braiders and binders that the best wages are made. A great deal of work of this kind is put on sailor suits for boys, and it is done at a rate of speed which quite dazzles the eye. It needs a steady hand to make all the little twirls and twists at the right moment. The making of lanyards is another interesting occupation, and in a great factory a whole school of little girls will do nothing all day long but plait and knot and twist pieces of cord. A real blue-jacket, of course, makes his own lanyard, and a lanyard, if anybody needs to be told, is the fancy cord which goes round his neck as a kind of cable for his knife. Another large company of girls will find their whole employment in sewing little gold stripes and anchors on the arms of sailor jackets. The work of the pressers offers a sharp contrast to this dainty employment, though it is not quite so arduous as it looks. Here, too, machinery lends a helping hand. The irons are of the ordinary goose shape, and are kept hot by the combustion of gas and air inside. A touch with the foot on the pedal below the table brings as much pressure upon the iron as is necessary. The presser has only to guide the goose over the seams it is to flatten. In this branch of labor men are gradually taking the place of girls.

It would be a mistake to suppose, as perhaps some readers by this time do, that in a factory full of ingenious machines there is no place for the naked needle. As a matter of fact a large number of the girls sew in the old-fashioned way; perhaps as many, indeed, as work with machines. Hand-sewing costs more, but for some classes of work it is of better quality than machine-sewing. If you have tried machine-sewn buttons you will understand how unsympathetic machine labor sometimes is.

A feature common to all the large houses is a great dining-hall for the use of the girls, most of whom are unable to go home in the hour allowed for dinner. The girls bring with them the substantial part of their meal, and coffee and cocoa are made for them on the premises and given out to them at cost price. There is plenty of chatter and laughter at the dinner-table, and the tone of it suggests workers on good terms with themselves and their work. But enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the nature and scope of an industry of which Leeds is with good reason proud.

THE INVENTOR OF MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS.

American travellers in Switzerland have the pleasure of meeting an old friend when they ascend Mount Rigi by railway. The

LANYARD MAKERS.

old friend is the railway itself. They see at a glance that it is the same contrivance as that by which passengers are conveyed so comfortably up Mount Washington. The locomotive pushes, instead of pulling, the passenger car, and the ascent is made by a cog-wheel that claws hold of a central cogged rail. The story goes that while the road was building a Swiss engineer visited it, inspected it closely, took drawings of the track and engine, and thus learned how to construct the railway that now climbs several of the Alpine mountains.

Within the last three years a considerable number of these roads have been constructed in various parts of the world. Others are in progress; more are contemplated; and engineers are looking forward to the time when these odd-looking engines will be crawling up and down all the great mountain ranges in Europe, Asia, Africa and America; for they can be made at much less expense than a system of tunnels, and excavations.

Sylvester Marsh, the inventor of this plan of ascending mountains, was one of the Yankees who have to improve everything they touch. If a thing works badly, they want to make it work well, and if it works well, they are not satisfied until they have made it work better. In the course of his long life of eighty-one busy years, he revolutionized every branch of business in which he was ever engaged. He did not merely improve it; he made it all over again.

Born in New Hampshire in 1803, he moved to Boston when he was twenty-three years old, and went into business as a provision dealer. But he soon had an advanced idea upon the subject of supplying Boston with provisions.

He removed to Ohio, where he originated the system of killing and packing meat by machinery, a business which has continued to the present day, and has become one of the most extensive and important in the world. It not only supplies the United States with a hundred kinds of packed meats, but other countries as well. In remote English hamlets the people do not know how to pronounce the word Chicago, but they buy Chicago meat all the same. They ask for Chi-cay-go meat.

It was as early as 1833 that he settled in Chicago, to get nearer the final source of provisions, and there he made a considerable fortune, which he lost in the disastrous revulsion of 1837. But he soon began again, and spent thirty years in developing several branches of the great business of supplying the world with food. At length, in 1864, being the possessor of a good estate, he did what so many successful Yankees do, returned to his native New Hampshire and settled at Concord.

Some years before, while ascending Mount Washington on foot, he lost his way and had a very disagreeable, if not dangerous experience. It was then that he conceived the idea of his mountain railway.

He once told a journalist, who asked him for information about his road, that for many years he was unable to convince any responsible person of the feasibility of his scheme, and that he was known in the mountains by the name of Crazy Marsh. No capitalists would subscribe to his stock, and he was finally obliged to furnish, not only all the ideas, but nearly all the capital required for the enterprise.

Sixteen years after the conceiving of the scheme, a part of the road was opened to the public. This was in 1868, and it was completed to the summit in the year following. Since that time it has carried up and down the mountain about two hundred thousand passengers without injuring one of them.

Mr. Marsh had had very little schooling, and no training at all as an engineer. He died in 1884.—*Youth's Companion.*

WASTE.

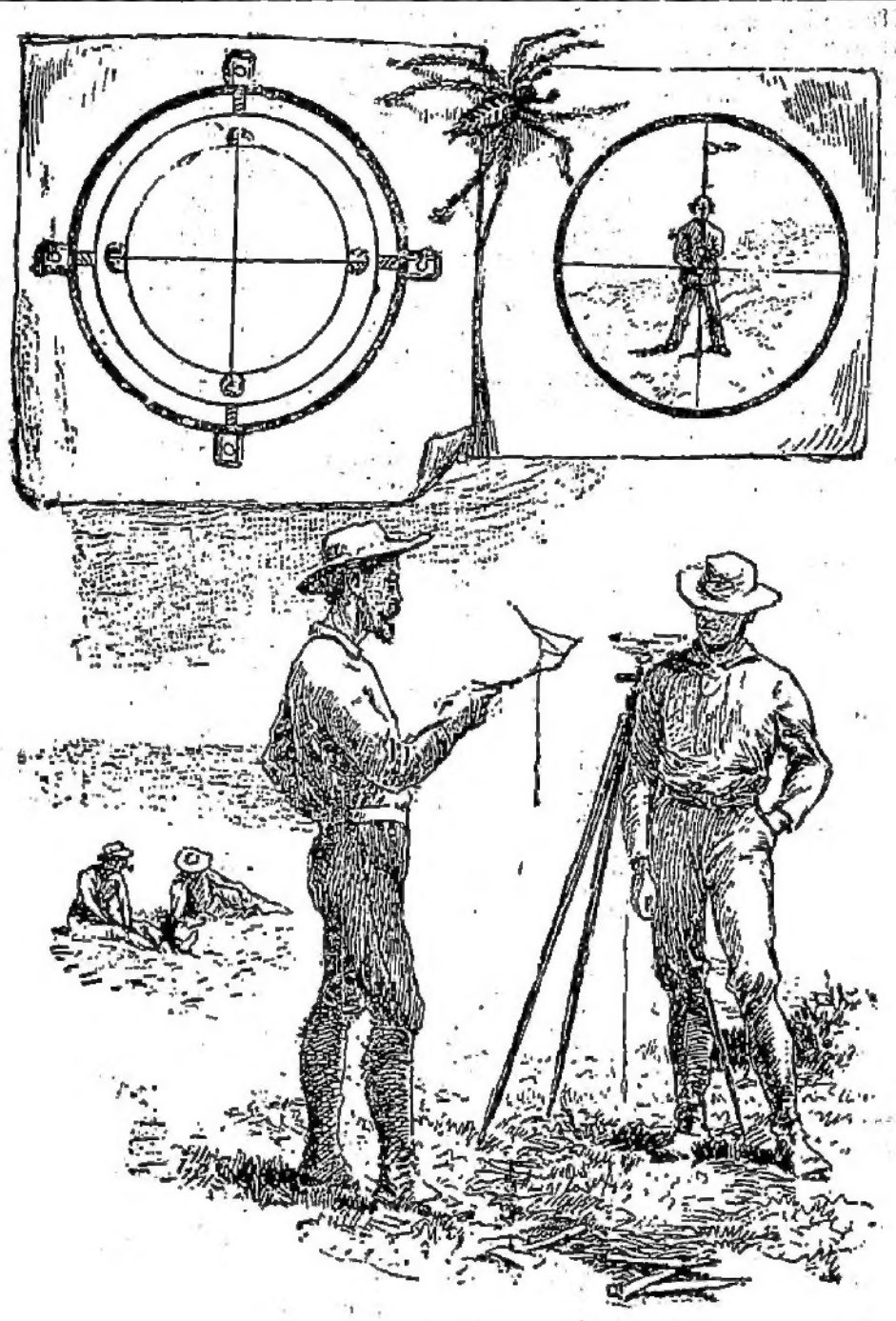
The amount of money uselessly spent for liquors in the United States simply to satisfy the appetite (leaving off the revenue derived from the traffic, and the good results from the use for industrial, artistical, mechanical, and medicinal purposes) would, each year, pay all the expenses of the United States Government, and all the collections made on account of tariff, and for

PRESSERS.

all property destroyed by fire in the United States, and leave the nice little sum of 77,811,625 dollars for 'pin money.'

NOTHING BUT JESUS.

Though we welcome the pleasures for which we have sighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live!
Which nothing but Jesus can fill.'



THE SPIDER AND THE ENGINEER.

When the civil engineer has his instrument 'set on line,' carefully adjusted and ready for use, he must watch the crowd of curious and interested onlookers, lest one or more 'grab the machine' and endeavor to look through the telescope, 'Jes' to see how far they kin see.'

If the tripod be moved ever so little by a careless hand or foot, the engineer must go through all the work of levelling and resetting the instrument. Sometimes the incautious meddler has been known to break off the eye-piece of a clamped transit; but usually no worse damage is done than the displacing of the telescope's 'cross-hairs' whose intersecting point had been set on the line.

If the meddler does get a look through the telescope of transit or level, he is likely to see nothing except two fine lines crossing at right angles and defined against a blank of sky. These fine lines are the 'cross-hairs' fixed inside the telescope.

The accompanying illustrations of two circles are made to show the inside of the telescopes of both transit and level, which in this respect are usually alike. The black lines bisecting each other are the cross-hairs, which are almost always simply spider-webs. One circle represents an inside metal ring, called the 'diaphragm,' which is held in place within the barrel of the telescope with the four screws, as shown. The outside black ring represents the barrel of the telescope. Upon the metal diaphragm the cross-hairs are fixed.

The cross-hairs are very fine, newly spun spider-webs, and when properly adjusted in place, the intersection of the two cross-hairs, or webs, is the exact centre of the instrument. They are held in place on the diaphragm with beeswax, and it requires nice and careful work to place them correctly. The location of the diaphragm in both instruments is near the eye or smaller end, just in front of the inner end of the eye-piece that moves in and out to give 'focus.'

Another figure in the illustration shows a flagman within the circle. This is the image the transit man sees when he has placed the flagman directly upon the line surveyed. Notice that the perpendicular hair almost covers the staff held by the flagman, and the horizontal hair about equally divides the flagman's body.

Very few people seem to notice how a surveyor or engineer works.

George Washington was a surveyor, and there are many pictures extant representing him at work at this occupation. The great man is usually represented by the artist as standing by his instrument, grasping it firmly with one hand,—which I am bound to say he never did,—and holding to the telescope with the other hand, which he surely did not do, as he was undoubtedly a good surveyor. At a short distance from Washington, the father of his country, in these pictures, stands his flagman, holding a staff upright and at arm's-length from his body, a position as incorrectly shown as is Washington's at the instrument.

The sketch of the flagman shown within the circle is the proper one. The flagman cannot place his staff fairly upon the line unless he is there himself.

Makers of engineers' instruments have tried metal substitutes for spider-webs, or cross-hairs, but they are apt to break at any time when exposed to changes of temperature, owing to the expansion and contraction of the metal instrument. The spider-web will break, but not as readily nor as easily.

I have found that the black house spider furnishes the best webs for cross-hairs. It will spin a web smoother and finer than man can produce. So fine is it that it cannot be readily seen with the eye unless placed upon a darker background; for the web, when newly-spun, is very white. The field spider furnishes a web of coarser texture and finish.

I have taken from the joist within a woodshed what appeared to be a very clean, newly-made web, and placed it within my instrument. When it was adjusted in place I looked into the telescope and saw what appeared to be a knotted rope. Every particle of dust which had adhered to it while in the woodshed stood out in the clear and magnified vision of the glass, giving it the appearance of a small rope tied up in knots instead of being what it really was; a delicate strand of cobweb.

A lady friend once thought to do me a favor by giving me some exceedingly fine threads of silk to use for cross-hairs. She had ravelled them from some silk cloth. They were very fine and smooth, and black as jet. After placing them in the instrument I looked into the telescope, and saw two shining, wavy lines, that resembled bars of highly-polished black iron.

The close weaving of the silk had kinked the threads, and the kinks were so minute as not to be discernible to the naked eye. They were, moreover, too course, or too large in diameter for the purpose.

Cross-hairs often break when the engineer is using his instrument. A sudden jar, or a blow given upon the tripod, will sometimes cause them to snap.

When a summer rain comes on suddenly, catching the engineer where he is remote from shelter, he and the instrument are then exposed to the rain, and the condensation of moisture within the barrel of the instrument will dampen the cross-hairs, causing them to relax. When the storm has passed and the sun again appears, its heat may warm the instrument almost as quickly as the rain had cooled it. Then the cross-hairs begin to tighten, and sometimes they snap in two parts under the strain.

During the construction of one of the Pacific railways in the '60's, I was at work one day when the instrument in use 'snapped a cross-hair.' This was a predicament, truly. There was only one thing to do, and that was to find a spider. So all hands and the cook went spider-hunting, and that particular portion of the Pacific railway stopped growing while we did so.

After searching some time, a spider was found in an adjacent swale and brought to the instrument, where I proposed that it should spin the much-desired web. It seemed to be the most obstinate insect that ever lived. Instead of spinning it lay on a handkerchief which had been spread on the ground, and remained motionless.

We poked it and 'shooed' it, then we kept away from it, watching and waiting for it to begin spinning a web; but spin it wouldn't, and spin it didn't.

More spiders had to be found; so all hands again went spider-hunting. After another long search, a second one was found and brought to the instrument, where a forked reed had been prepared. The spiders were then industriously tantalized to make them spin.

If a spider is held up on a reed, the inclination of the insect is to drop to the ground, which it will do very quickly by means of its web. As it spins for that purpose, the forked reed is turned and the web wound about the fork. Sometimes the spider will drop suddenly to the ground without spinning.

Our second capture on this occasoin proved to be a willing spider, and at last the much-desired cross-hair was spun and put in place. After a delay of about three hours, that part of the great Pacific railway again resumed development.

Cross-hairs obtained under such conditions are seldom the best, because there can be no selection. The field spider's web is so fluffy that if two strands come in contact they adhere, and when pulled apart they appear even more fibrous and fluffy. In the telescope they look luminously white, while in a strong sunlight they are not sufficiently distinct.

Had we been in a town when the cross-hair snapped, a house spider's web would have been obtained, and before placing it in the instrument it would have been drawn through fluid India ink and then dried. Such a web makes a solid-looking strongly defined cross-hair,

Though the breaking of a cross-hair is not a very common occurrence, there are few engineers who have not had the unpleasant experience in finding an instrument minus one or both hairs when at work some distance from home.

So you see the despised and 'horrid' spider, the terror and disgust of the thrifty housewife, has, with its simple and insignificant thread, been a silent contributor to our material development and national prosperity. Its web, fixed in place within the engineer's instrument, has, step by step, defined and located every mile of our great railway system, from ocean to ocean. It has aided in the location of our canals, in the building of our streets; in the subdivisions of farms and other lands, both public and private.

It has defined our coast line, the bays and promontories, and the courses of our great rivers. With it the base lines and grades of all our finest and noblest structures—monuments of the creative skill of the American engineer and architect—have been defined. It is curious to think that in the consummation of these grand achievements, all of America's workmen, from apprentice to master, have been and are co-laborers with the common spider.—*W. F. Goodhue in Youth's Companion.*

MANICURES.

Why should manicures be only for elegant ladies and dainty maidens, I should like to know. Of course I do not mean that I have any practical acquaintance with the manicure's parlor, with her bright little knives and scissors, her delicate baths and powders and ungents and soft cloths, and the whole paraphernalia of her pretty little ministry, her handicraft in a double sense. I know nothing of this except from hearsay: and indeed I am of the opinion that an able-bodied man or woman, young or old, ought to be capable of caring for his own fingers.

None the less, however, a noble principle underlies the business of these manicures, and it is that which I wish now to discuss. It is often considered finical and effeminate to be nice about one's fingers. On the contrary, there are few more certain tokens of refinement than the condition of these tell-tale digits. If they are begrimed and stained, if the nails are uncleanly, the skin pushing over them, the ends evidently allowed, like Topsy, just to grow, then I am quite certain that I am in the presence of a man or woman who is unrefined.

"That is absurd," you say; "that is arguing from little to great in a quite unwarranted fashion." But hold! What is refinement? I can define it in no better way than by saying. It is loving regard for the pleasure of others. It is astonishing how seldom vain persons care for their fingers. They are solely occupied with their faces and their bodily adornings. Unless they have fine hands they wish to display, their hands remain uncared for, a shocking contrast to their pretty faces. Notice this, and see whether I am not right.

On the contrary, a person, man or woman, who is truly refined,—thoughtful, that is, for the pleasure of others,—will reason in this way: "Here is my hand, that—in a humble way, to be sure, yet still in a way—is presented to the world as constantly as my face. My hand has an expression, as well as my face. Indeed, my hand actually comes in contact with the world in a thousand ways, but my face never. People are forced to see my hand very often, as I greet them, or pass things to them, or perform the countless duties of daily life. I cannot cover it up out of their sight. If my hand is sightly, clean, well cared for, it will be a pleasant thing to see. If it is uncleanly, ill kept, unsightly, it will be a constant source of pain or annoyance."

There is no vanity in this, but merely kindly common sense. And this is the manicure's moral: to give pleasure with a bright hand is as easy and as much our duty as to give it with a bright eye. It does not require a manicure's manipulations, her polishing cloth, and her ointments. It does not require abstinence from hard and dirty tasks. It does not require a kid-glove life. It requires only soap and water and a good towel, scissors, and a little bit of time.

Remember in what an infinity of ways the hand is presented to the world; how easy it is to make it beautiful, or, at least, not unpleasant, and how significant of a thoughtful, refined temper a beautifully kept hand is likely to be, and I think you will wish to interpret David's symbolical words literally also: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."—*Caleb Cobweb, in Golden Rule.*

BIG HOUSE AND LITTLE HOUSE.

Little house, little house, with lots of children in it!
Big house, big house, with just one little boy:
Little house, little house, with laughter every minute!
Big house, big house, with sulks instead of joy!

Big house, big house, with valentines in plenty!
Little house, little house, with not a single one.
Oh, if the big house would carry ten or twenty
Over to the little house, wouldn't there be fun!

"ANY CHAIRS TO MEND?"

SONG OF THE CHAIR-MENDER.

BY MARY E. ROPES.

'Any chairs to mend? Old chairs to mend!'
That's what I sings as I pegs along;
'Any broken baskets? I'll mend 'em all!'
That's the second half of my song.

I'm an elderly man, and I think my life
Hasn't too many years now left to run;
But though I say it as shouldn't, I'm sure
I can cane a chair with anyone.

'Tain't much of a trade?' Oh, don't say that!
It's fair, it's honest, it's needful too;
Even poor folk sit, and they can't afford
Horsehair or down, like the rich of you.

'Hard? Uncertain?' The work, you mean?
Well, yes, it's the truth—I can't deny.
Sometimes I'm busy, as busy can be,
And others I've nothin', however I try.

But whatever I does, or doesn't do,
Wherever I goes, in shine or rain,
I tries to take the days as they come,
And make it my dooty not to complain.

'Chairs to mend? Any chairs to mend?'
I'll peg 'em firm, and I'll seat 'em nice;
And I never deals in rotton canes
For the pleasure and profit of doin''em twice.

Any market baskets with handles loose?
And basket-p'rams in the prickin' stage?
Any wicker tables wantin' a edge?
Any bars to put in a wicker cage?

Bring 'em out—good cottagers all!
Bring 'em out now I pass your way,
Bring 'em out, now you have the chance,
For I mayn't be passin' another day.

On I goes with a cheerful heart,
Slowly poggin'—poggin' along;
Never lonely, though I'm alone,
And always singin' my old trade song.

But between the verses, I seems to hear
Better words than the best I sing;
My dear Lord speaks to me from His Word,
And makes me as glad as anything.

And I says to myself, 'My honest work,
Though humble, is still my very best;
It's my all, as much as the bigger all
Of them as is better housed and dress'd.'

And all that I have, and am, and can do,
Belongs to a Master good—so good!
And He makes my heart that happy and light,
As I wouldn't change my life if I could.

And I know that when all my chairs is done,
And my basket mendin' is finish'd quite,
So as I needn't trudge no more,
Callin' my trade from morn till night,

I shall hear my Master's voice again,
As I lie on my bed, or sit by the fire,
And I think it will say (and how glad I'll be
To hear the words,) 'Friend, come up higher!'

British Workman.

ROB CRAIG'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

The house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Perry, who was surely going to die this time. But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed, he took his rifle out of the south porch to give it a cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily, and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Boullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

'Sh! Robbie,' she said, holding up a small forefinger. 'Amy Louise is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her to sleep.'

'Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches,' said Rob.

'Would you please get me one, Robbie?' pleaded the trusting little body. 'Mamma said for me not to go away from the house, and Norah is cross this morning.'

Time was precious just then; but this one sister was very dear. So laying down his rifle, Rob ran over to the meadow across the road, and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch, and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

'Now, Mr. Squirrel,' he said, 'look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route; for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

'My!' said Rob. 'That's a pretty careless thing to do.'

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and under the circumstances, the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

'Will you please lower your gun! You might shoot me,' said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

'That's what I came for,' said the man.

'Came to shoot me?' cried Rob. 'What have I done?'

'Nothing that I know of,' answered the man, indifferently; 'but boys do a great of mischief. They steal fruit and break windows and make horrid noises. Besides there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out, now and then.'

Rob was horrified. Without doubt, the man was an escaped lunatic; and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

'Besides, it's necessary to kill, to get food.'

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wiry little frame, with scarcely a spare ounce on it; but he answered very meekly, 'But I'm not good to eat.'

'No,' said the man, 'you'd be tough eating.'

'And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you,' said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

'No,' with indifference. 'But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, and I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks 'round here,' and again that horrible click.

'Oh,' cried poor Rob, 'don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my poor father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully.'

'Pshaw!' cried the other. 'They wouldn't mind much; and besides I'm coming round in a day or two to shoot them.'

'Shoot my father and mother?' gasped Rob. 'You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!'

'Why, yes, I would,' laughed the dreadful man. 'They are larger and better looking than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eyes on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now.'

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating. Then he cried out, 'Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much.'

The big man laughed derisively.

'Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for, if I'm not to use it?'

Somehow, even in his terror, this argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant and life was so sweet. Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes he saw only the old south porch, with the hop tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream from which his fallen rifle had wakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden walk, attended by the cat and her two little kittens and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thoughts ran something like this:

'I wonder if the birds and squirrels feel as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes, when I only hurt and catch them, their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller! But I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear the birds' wings nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a vision, a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!' and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned, and was coming toward him.

'How is she?' he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress's shoulder.

'She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little if I hold her,' with a very insinuating smile.

'Come along, then, little fraud,' laughed Rob, turning toward the swing.

'But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?'

'No,' said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro, with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

'You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?' said his mother.

Robert shook his head, without giving any reason; but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low 'thinking chair' by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of her head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said:

'I will never again kill any creature for sport. ROBERT ANDERSON CRAIG.'

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.—*Hester Stuart, in Congregationalist.*

THE LARGEST MAN now in the service of her majesty Queen Victoria, is Lieut. Sutherland, who is eight feet four inches high and weighs 364 pounds.

THE BORROWED BABY.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

That nice old gentleman over the way
Came into our house quite early to-day,
And he said to mamma, "My wife sent me here
To borrow something;" then he looked very queer.
"It is not sugar, molasses, or tea,"
He said, as he pointed his finger at me;
"It's that little lass she wants me to bring.
Wife's growing feeble and childish this spring.
The weather's been bad, she couldn't get out;
She sees this little girl running about,
And fancies she's like our lassie who died.
'Twould do her good if she'd just step inside."
And then mamma whispered low in my ear:
"Will you be lent for this morning, my dear?
That poor old lady is lonely and sad,
With no little girl to make her heart glad;
You'll be a great comfort to her, I know."
I said to mamma, "Of course I will go."
I was just as happy as I could be
With that dear old lady who borrowed me,
I sat in her little girl's rocking chair
And held her doll with its long flaxen hair,
While she told about her little girl's ways,
How happy she was in all her plays;
And I spoke the prettiest piece I knew
About "a dear baby with eyes of blue,
With chubby hands and cunning toes
And dainty mouth as sweet as a rose."

When I said I must go she asked a kiss.
I gave her ten, for I knew she must miss
Her dear little girl. What mamma would be,
I'm sure I'm can't tell, if she didn't have me!
And I'll go often; I told her I would,
It's one way, you know, that I can do good.
I'll ask her how she is getting along,
And stop sometimes to sing her a song,
Or read her a story—her eyes are quite weak—
I'll give her kisses, and loving words speak.
I'm so very glad that old lady sent
This morning to see if I would be lent,
And I'll ask the good Lord to bless each day
That poor lonely mother over the way.

—*Christian at Work.*

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all,
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice;
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With the storm and the tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

THE MILL GIRLS AND THEIR MONEY.

(G. GRAHAM BROWN, IN 'CHINA'S MILLIONS.')

I come from the north-west of China, from the city of Lan-chau, two thousand four hundred miles from the coast, and I want to tell you, in as few words as possible, how it is that God has used some members of a class of girls in Belfast to do his mighty work in the heart of a man in China. There was a little Y.W.C.A. class for mill-girls. They were very poor. They had very little money of their own, but they felt that they could well afford to give their time, and to do some work, and then have a missionary sale and send the proceeds to China.

Parts of the proceeds of their work was sent to us to get a Bible-woman to be employed in the place where we were; but we could not find a Bible-woman, the money lay in my hands unused, and we felt a difficulty. At last we determined that since a woman could not be found, we should attempt to use it for a colporteur, and our Lord sent the man we wanted. We had him for some little time, and then when he proved his fitness, he went out into the street, but not to preach—his mission was to sell books in this enormous city, with two hundred thousand people in it, full of the mandarin class and of the literati, men with bitter feelings, and men who hate foreigners.

One day he went out to sell his books in a temple where there was a great idol theatrical performance; it was the temple of the god of the city of Lan-chau. When he was selling his books in this temple courtyard, an old man passed. You know that our idea of the Chinese is that they are short and square, and have a continuous smile, and are anything but like ourselves. But this man was a great, tall fellow, nearly six feet high, with broad shoulders, eyes like a hawk, and a face that meant command and power. He stopped, and listened to the little man as he was selling his books, and he said, 'Give me one of those books,' and he bought it.

GENERAL MA DEFENDS THE COLPORTEUR.

The colporteur met this man again, not in the temple courtyard, but in the outer court of the Governor-General's official residence; and, as he was standing there, there was a great crowd round him, and he was rather abused. People came running out, and they said to him, 'What are you doing—selling that vile stuff here? If you do not go out we will beat you.' And the colporteur said, 'I know my business as well as you do. When the other men who are huckstering here go, I will go too; but not till then.' Then again they came out several times, each time getting more angry and more abusive, until at last they said, 'The great man himself, the Viceroy, has sent out a message that if you do not go, he will have you publicly beaten.' The little colporteur stood up, and said, 'Very well, tell him to beat me.' But just as he said that, this old man was standing there, and he sprang forward,—and he said to the messenger, 'Go back to your master, go back; and tell him that I will stand responsible for this man; and if he asks you who I am, say that General Ma is my name.'

He was not only Treasurer of the province, but also the General commanding the forces of the city. The men went back, for there was no man in the city but knew and feared the name of this general—one of the greatest officers in China of the rank of brigadier general. He had fought in the Man-chu rebellion.

What else can I tell you about him in the time I have? It would take half-an-hour nearly to tell you that man's history, but it is connected with that class of mill-girls over in Belfast, and connected in the way I have told you.

That man had been a most religious man, and he has told me himself that he had been seeking after God for twenty-six years. Long ago, at the commencement of his career he had met one of his friends from the south, and this man said to him, 'What do you worship Mr. Ma.' 'I worship so and so, and so and so,' he said, and he ran off a string of idols. 'Well,' said his friend, 'you should worship the God of the foreigners. He is a very powerful God.' The old man said to me as he told me the story, 'Instead of putting God here (first), I put Him here (last). I put Him on the list, at the lowest point of my list, but I have worshipped Him.'

After twenty-six years this general held the second button of rank in the empire—the red button; he determined to throw up all his rank, all his position, and he never attended the levees of the Governor again. He stayed in his house and his desire was to be a holy man as they call it, to sit down and become contracted through sitting in one position, never moving, never speaking, doing nothing but eat, and in his case, alas, eat opium. He had three years of that. Think what the man's three years of isolation in his own house must have been! After three years he determined that it was not possible to continue it, and he gave it up, and a day or two after, as he was returning to his old haunts again he met the colporteur.

Is he baptized? No. What keeps him back? Opium. He used to smoke an ounce a day, and when I was speaking to him about it he told me how, after he had become a disciple of the Lord Jesus as he said, he had spent days alone, trying to break off the opium. He said to me, 'Teacher, you do not know what the craving for that is, when it is in your bones.' No, we do not. We never can.

Shall I tell you one thing before I sit down, to show what a proof of devotion to the Lord this man has given, this unbaptized believer in the Lord Jesus Christ? It is this. He had been at service in the chapel attached to our house, and as he came away from it and was walking along the road, he was astonished at being met by a runner or messenger from one of the yamens. The man gave him the salute of a servant, and said, 'Is it possible that I speak to the great man Ma?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Ma. 'that is my name.' The messenger said, 'I have been charged by the Governor of the next province to invite you to come up to his capital. He sent me down especially to invite you, and I have travelled fifty-four days' journey, and have been seeking you for three months, and as I could not find you on the Governor-General's register, I was just going back again. My message is in this letter.'

RANK DECLINED FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

The message was that he should come up and take command of the right wing of the guards of the Governor. The highest rank that a brigadier-general can obtain is to command this right wing.

He came to my house and said, 'I want to talk over this matter with you.' We talked it over; and of course before very long we got upon our knees, and prayed to the Lord that the way might be made clear. Mr. Ma's answer was this: 'I cannot go.'

I said, 'Think what it means.' 'I have been seeking Jesus for twenty-six years,' he said, 'and I am an old man now, and I have found him. If I went to that place there is no one there to teach me.' So he stayed where he was, and he is there to-day.

Now, is not this something to give God thanks for? Those mill-girls little knew what they were doing—as little as I knew; but knowing what they did know, they gave this money. They may well give thanks to God to-day because He put it into their hearts to send the money to China for a colporteur.

THE LITTLE REFORMED DRUNKARD.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

A strange thing happened to-night at the Temperance meeting. When the time came to take names to the pledge, a woman came forward bringing in her arms a little boy about two years old.

'I want my Jimmy to sign the pledge,' said she.

'Oh, he's too young, Mrs. Lott,' said the leader. 'You had better wait till he is older.'

'No, no, I can't wait a minute, Mr. Lucas; he must take it now. He's a little reformed drunkard, and I sha'n't be easy in my mind till his name is down.'

'A reformed drunkard? Why, what do you mean, my good woman?'

'Why,' said the mother, 'he's been a whiskey-drinker ever since he was born, a regular little toper, and I never knew till I've been coming here what was the matter with him. You see, when he was a bit of a baby he cried and cried all the whole time. I thought he had the colic, and nurse told me to give him two or three drops of whiskey in some warm water and sugar; and I did, and he went right off to sleep. Mrs. Curran, my neighbor, said he was drunk. 'Drunk? What should make him drunk?' says I, quite angry. Well, when he cried next day I gave him some more drops, and he went to sleep again; drunk again, you see. Every single day about such a time he would cry, and nothing would stop him but the whiskey. I thought I had found out a nice way to manage my baby, and I told some of my neighbors about it. One of them said to me one day, "Did you ever go to Mr. Lucas' temperance meetings up at the hall?" "No," says I, "nor I don't want to; none of your crazy temperance for me." "You'd better go," says she; "you'll get a new wrinkle up there." "I don't want none of your new wrinkles," says I; "I've got enough a'ready."

'But one night I came with her, and I s'pected she had been telling about me, for that night there was a woman here a-talking to mothers. She told 'em how bad it was for them to be drinking beer on account of their nursin' babies, and then she told some stories about feeding babies with beer and gin and whiskey, and how the poison stuff kept their babies drunk day and night. The babies didn't cry, she said, and so the mothers were easy about them, and didn't know the poor little creatures were drunk. Then, I tell you, the new wrinkle came over me. She told how the liquor, even only two or three drops, served their little stomach and brain and heart, and she said ten to one the baby would die before it was a year old. She fairly frightened me, and I declared I'd never give Jimmy another drop, if he cried his eyes out. I went right to work and weaned him from his drops, you'd better believe I did; and now I've brought him here to-night to sign the pledge. He's just two years old come the first day of next month, and he's the littlest reformed drunkard you've ever seen, I bet.'

Mr. Lucas smiled at the enthusiastic little woman, and opened the book. 'Jimmy's name shall go on,' said he. And it went down.

'And now give me a card, please,' said the proud mother, 'and I'll hold his hand, and we'll see if we can't make him write his name on that too; and from this night he'll be a cold-water boy. I'll nail this card up in my room, and the first thing I shall teach him will be what it's all about.'

'You'll have to be very careful,' said the leader, 'when he grows old enough to go out in the street with other boys, lest he should get led away and be tempted to drink. For this love of the drink which has been planted so early within him may linger and lurk in his system, and cause him much trouble yet.'

The experience of Mrs. Lott and the counsel of the leader were heard by all present, and made quite an impression. He went on to tell them about the Nazarites in the old Bible time; and how the mother of a little Nazarite like Samuel, or Samson, or John the Baptist, had to watch her boys from their earliest days, lest they should go with any one who would tempt them to taste wine; and how she had even to forbid their eating raisins or grapes lest they should get a taste of the juice which would lead them to drink it. How important it is for the mother to watch her boys and girls and keep them from every danger of being led astray.

And Mrs. Lott was heard to declare on her way home that she would do that very thing if she should ever have another child. 'It shall never see or smell or taste the stuff,' said she. 'Oh, how careful I will be; I am sure it won't be anything like the trouble I've had with breaking Jimmy into temperance.'

She was beginning to see that 'prevention is better than cure.'—*Temperance Advocate.*

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